

By this time Miss *Patient* and *Reason* both coming up, recalled him to the road, which he pursued with more briskness than ever, and was ready almost every minute to exclaim that he was just at his journey's end. *Reason* assured him of the contrary; while Miss *Patient* observed, that, should the journey be thrice as long, and thrice as troublesome, it was well worth their undertaking, if they arrived in safety at the place desired.—The other was not at all

pleased

pleased with this discourse, and observed it differed widely from what he had been told just before, by a most heavenly figure. "That heavenly figure is too often deceitful," said *Reason*," yet she is useful in life: her name is *Hope*—her younger sister, in the party coloured cloaths, is called *Fancy*—and these have deluded thousands. But look before you, and you will judge whether they are always to be credited."—She had scarcely spoken, when they perceived